RAIN TURNING TO SNOW

How will I find you?
Blurring my breath against
the storm sash, I can't pretend not to
look for you,
while the rain gives its whole self away.
What if I’d watched
each time you grew almost lost,
neither one of us trying?
The rain turning to snow
won’t tell
where that first flake forms
its way through the downpour, avoiding
shoulders, making its last
slow choices.